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FATHER PENN

A PAGEANT

PRESENTED BY THE MEMBERS OF THE SUMMER SESSION

OF

The Pennsylvania State College

MONDAY, AUGUST 2, 1915

AT 8:30 P. M.

THE BOOK BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM S. DYE, JR., PH. D.
AND PROFESSOR JOHN H. FRIZZELL, A. M.

THE PROLOGUES BY PRESIDENT EDWIN E. SPARKS, L. L. D.
AND PROFESSOR WILLIAM DAY CROCKETT, A. M.

MASTER OF THE PAGEANT, MARY WOOD HINMAN

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PROGRAM

THE PROLOGUE

BY

PRESIDENT EDWIN ERLE SPARKS

CHARACTERS

Columbia.....Mrs. Frank D. Gardner
Penn.....Mr. William Day Crockett
Indian Dancers.....Camp Fire Girls

Chairman, Mrs. E. R. Smith

Dance trained by Mrs. Florence Deming

Agnes Swarnf	Ruth Winter	Gladys Alexander	Helen Bowersox
Dorothy Crane	Grace Winter	Mary Emboden	Marion Harter

(Tall woman with clear voice dressed as Columbia, bearing shield of shape of keystone and a wand.)

Kind friends, thrice welcome all who come
To view our annual pageant here.
Last year you saw the Seasons pass
From Vernal Spring to Winter's cold.
This year we turn from Fancy's dream
To Hist'ry's fact. We here present
In quick review our Keystone State
And show the varied racial stream
Which swept across the sea's expanse
To people Pennsylvania's soil.
Adventurous spirtis all were they.
Enduring hardship, toil and want,
Intent to found a Commonwealth
Where freedom's blessings might be gained.
Yet here was freedom e'er the white
Man came. Red children roamed at will
Amidst these woods and vales or danced
About symbolic fires. So I,
The spirit of the state, first show
The Indian maidens of the long ago.

(Dance of Camp Fire Girls—from the village.)

(An Indian maiden advances to the dancers and addresses them.)

My children, listen to my prophecy!
Your hours draw to a close. Soon will come
An alien race of white men o'er the sea
In myriad numbers. They shall fell your trees,
Destroy your game and harry you to death.
Your wigwams palaces become; your trails
With steel relaid; your bark canoes give way
To steam's power. 'Tis nature's law—
The fittest must survive. Depart! Begone!

(Indian maidens vanish to sides. Spirit of Pennsylvania resumes.)

Alas, 'tis true. These simple folk
Must vanish. Here the white man comes:
First William Penn, intent to found
A refuge from oppression's sway.

EPISODE I

CHAIRMAN, MRS. A. J. WOOD

THE SWEDES IN PENNSYLVANIA

BY

PROFESSOR WILLIAM S. DYE, JR.

CHARACTERS

First man.....Mr. Wyant
Second man.....Mr. Cole
First woman.....Miss Schooley
Second woman.....Miss McCreary
BoySidney Grieb
MessengerMiss Dickinson
PennMr. Crockett
ColumbiaMrs. Gardner
DANCERS

Gotland...Miss Pattee, Miss Pancoast, Miss Starrett, Miss Dix,
Mr. Sligh, Mr. Wyant, Mr. Deering, Mr. Barnhart.

Ox.....Mr. Sligh, Mr. Barnhart, Mr. Wyant and Mr. Gress.

Vingaker..Miss Dix, Miss McMenamin, Mr. Gress.

Little Man in a Fix

Miss Dix, Miss Pattee, Miss McMenamin, Miss Pancoast, Miss Yardley, Mr. Gress, Mr. Sligh, Mr. Wyant, Mr. Barnhart, Mr. Hall.

The season is that of the harvest on the highlands near the Delaware at Upland (Chester). A harvest dance is in progress. Girls and men and are merrymaking on the green. At the conclusion of the dance, the following dialogue takes place:

1. Swede. Nay, do not cease dancing. It will lighten our hearts for the work that is still to do. Maids and matrons have danced afore this while the men have worked.

A woman. When, pray tell us?

1. Swede. Most of you do not remember the time we built the ship to fight the Dutch, the ship that caught at yonder bridge and burned there.

A woman. Still harking at old times. He is ever thus.

1. Swede. Under three monarchs have I lived since first I came to this new land. Three flags have I seen floated from yonder staff, and thrice has the coat of arms on that staff been changed.
2. Swede. 'Tis a goodly land, good father. Here grows the vine; here flourishes the corn; and here in contentment may we sow and husband our crops.
3. Swede. Peace, too, for a score of years has been our portion. Under England's beneficent rule, no danger has beset us, save that

now and then, some wandering redskin, driven to desperation by a fancied wrong, has donned war paint and with bow in hand has forgot the ancient peace between his tribesmen and us.

1. Swede. Of late, however, this has been rare. The new settlers who so recently came, the sober men, the demure women whose garb is plain, whose manner of life and speech is so soft and musical, have so befriended the neighboring tribes that no longer are the old grudges against our race remembered.
3. Swede. A pleasant people indeed are these men and women who, in derision, have been called Quakers. 'Twas but a day or two past that, as I hunted toward the north, I met one of them, neighbor. He told me wonderful news of the governor who is daily expected.

All. A new governor.

A woman. Tell us. Tell us.

3. Swede. Gather ye around and I shall recount to you the tidings. Not more than ten years ago, I am told, the Admiral of England's Fleet, the great John Penn, died and was gathered to his fathers. His son, a noble, straight and worthy youth, coming under strange, dissenting influence, turned his back on the established Church of England, and for his faith, suffered greatly.
2. Swede. Methought that England, great and wise, would never dream of forcing on one a belief distasteful to him.
1. Swede. 'Twill take years for such a thing to come.
3. Swede. Perhaps! To return to the story: The King, it appears, was indebted to the Admiral, and in payment, the son took a grant of land in this new country. Penn's Woods he called it, and—

Enter a messenger hurriedly.

Mess. A ship in full sail has just come up the river.

2. Swede. Who is she? Whither bound?

Mess. No sooner did her captain round the bend of the river and see our little village than up he brought her into the wind, and as the white sails fluttered in the sunlight over splashed the anchor.

Crowd. Yes. Yes.

Mess. No sooner had she lost headway than a boatload appeared over her side.

1. Swede. To arms! The Dutch! The Dutch!

Mess. No. No. Alarm yourselves not, my neighbors. 'Twas William Penn, the new governor, come to take his place in the new colony. Hearing that you were gathered for the harvest festival, he said he would come himself to greet you. I ran all the way from the landing to warn you. I fear they will soon be here. (*Looks off.*) See where they come through the parting trees.

Enter Penn and sailors.

Penn. Friends, for so ye be, to thee and thine I come as owner of this new land. Let no man think I wish to change in any degree his mode of life so long as he honors God and respects his neighbor.

1. Swede. My neighbors and I, your Excellency—

Penn (*interrupting*). Nay, my friend, to thee I am William; none is excellent but God.

1. Swede. Friend William (*Penn nods approvingly*), we have but just learned of your grant. Patient tillers of the soil are we. We live in peace, and desire nothing better.

Penn. I come to found a city of brotherly love, built on the broad foundations of freedom and tolerance. Wherever my land extends every man may worship as it seems good to him.

(*Murmurs of approval.*)

Penn. Oft have I watched, in my old home over the sea, friends snatched from friends, men and women, too, thrown into dungeons dark, because they dared believe otherwise than the king. One day I caught a glimpse of a time when men's consciences should be their guides. I looked over the wide trackless billows and beheld Freedom (*Freedom appears at the back*) crowned in glory. Look, my friends with me (*they look to the back of the stage*), and pray (*they fall on their knees*) that never from this new home we have carved from these forests, shall the splendor and the blessings and peace of liberty depart.

(*They rise to their feet as the form of Freedom disappears.*)

1. Swede. Brother and governor, the hour we have prayed for has come. We left our homes years ago hoping for this day. We will hold up thy hands so that liberty may never depart from our midst.

All. Ay! Ay! Long live Governor Penn!

Penn. Friends, neighbors, I must haste to Shakamaxon where I am daily expected. Remember, in the new government all law abiding citizens shall have a voice. Farewell. (*He departs with sailors.*)

3. Swede. This has indeed been a happy day. Come neighbors, let us bring it to a fitting close.

They dance and after the dance the stage is cleared.

EPISODE II

CHAIRMAN, MRS. WEBNER.

THE ENGLISH AND THE QUAKERS IN PENNSYLVANIA

BY

PROFESSOR WILLIAM S. DYE, JR.

CHARACTERS

John	Mr. Gerheart
William	Mr. Smith
Doris	Miss Munyon
Margery	Miss Shell
First Quaker.....	Mr. Weeks
Second Quaker.....	Mr. Gorham
Fiddler	Mr. O'Brien

DANCERS

SELLENGER'S ROUND

Misses Smith, Lyons, Moul, Kelley, Mouer, Markell, Gass,
Sparrow, Noble, Paul, Mackey, Homer, Faloney, Davis,
Mouer, Hoover, Cooley, Critchlow, Miller, Vardly, Boylson,
Stage, Vaughn, Houston

Messrs. Hall, Deering, Sharkey, Keyser, Blackman, Foultz,
Hardy, Titterington, Griffiths, Wyant, Lewis, Neal, Somers,
Barnhart, Gress, Wilde, Sligh

Goddesses..Mr. Blackman, Mr. Foultz, Mr. Keyser, Mr. Hardy,
Miss Roberts, Miss Roberts, Miss Seeds, Miss Nearhoof

Confess....Mr. Hall, Mr. Wilde, Miss Starrett, Miss Foss, Miss
Hamler, Miss Himes

Hunston House..Mr. Wilde, Mr. Deering, Mr. Sligh, Mr. Hall,
Miss Bressler, Miss Foss, Miss Pattee, Miss Kessler

Parson's Farewell..Mr. Deering, Mr. Hall, Miss Hamler, Miss
Himes

Flamborough Sword Dance..Mr. William E. Lewis, Swordmaster ;
Mr. Foultz, Mr. Gress, Mr. Wyant, Mr. Wilde, Mr.
Griffiths, Mr. Barnhart, Mr. Sligh

Peas Cods..Mr. Wyant, Mr. Houston, Mr. Deering, Mr. Blackman,
Mr. Gress, Miss Shoemaker, Miss Alexander, Miss
Parker, Miss Sandles, Miss Bair

QUAKER SONG—By Sidney Batchler

Children from the Observation School

Trained by Laura B. Staley

Committee, Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Smith

Girls—Grace Frye, Mary Kobb, Louise Musser, Eugenia Gravatt,
Pauline Zook, Margaret Resides, Alma Neidigh, Lora Long,
Leota Scott, Janet Long, Lucille Mease, Marjorie Frizzell,
Adelaide Rapeer, Sarah Mallory, Mary Houser, Marie
Martin

Boys—Gordon Webner, Spiegel Dotterer, Richard Lehman, James McCafferty, Herbert Kock, Billie Holmes, Daniel Musser, John Thompson, Wilbur Resides, Richard Bottorf, Calvin Shawley, Adrian Murtorff, Edgar Lonberger, Mahlon Robb, William Jones, Kenneth Bottorf, Charles Williams, Russell Musser

ENGLISH SONG.....“A Round”
By Children of the Observation School

Trained by Laura B. Staley
Committee, Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Smith

ENGLISH SONG.....“Boating Song”
By Children of the Observation School

Trained by Laura B. Staley
Committee, Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Smith

SONG“Ruben, Ruben”
By Adaline and John Holmes

ENGLISH DANCES.....“A Hunting We Will Go”
By Children of the Observation School

Girls—Helen Musser, Corinne Holter, Marguerite Hoy, Veda Shawley, Helen Markley, Florence Garne, Caroline Kessinger, Adene Resides, Mary Hoy, Adene Holmes, Millicent Shope.

Boys—Frank Resides, Daniel Lonberger, Ned Willard, John Holmes, Richard Ewing, Sidney Grieb, Claud Kock.

The scene represents a village green at some little village outside of Philadelphia in the olden time. There is an old Maypole in the center of the stage. There is a gathering of men and girls on the green.

Doris. Come, girls, too long have we been ruled over by the dour-faced Quakers. No pleasures, no dancing, only plain dresses, going to meeting, and long faces.

Margery. And here it is May Day. Look where the Maypole stands. Why, I declare it is beginning to bend with sorrow, it has been so long unused.

John. It is a shame. I remember the day we dragged it from the forest and set it up there.

William. And I recall most vividly how that same day after we had set it there and were just about to begin our merry-making, down came the dour faces and threw several of our number in jail because we would indulge in innocent pleasure.

Doris. Do you remember, the solemn looking one. (*She comes forward and mimics.*) “Flee ye from evil pleasures that corrupt the flesh, lest ye be eternally damned.”
(*They all laugh.*)

William. All you need, Doris, is a gray dress and one of those poke bonnets and of course a little religion and you would make a beautiful—Quaker.

John. But what do you think I have just heard?

Margery. Can't guess. What is it?

John. Things have fallen out ill with the *worthy* proprietor, and he has been called back to England.

All. Fine, good, excellent.

Doris. Then, perhaps, again we may do as we used to do in those good days beyond the sea?

John. I am told that there is dissention in the new government. No one seems to know what laws are to be enforced. I have even heard that a place of entertainment was opened on Market Street in the city.

William. What, do you mean to say that the "lid is off" in Philadelphia?

(John nods his head.)

Margery. The good old days have come again. We may dance, we may sing. Merrie England will be born again in this new land.

William. Let us begin it. 'Tis May Day. Come, join hands around the Maypole. Fiddler, strike up Sellenger's Round.

(Fiddler begins to play.)

William. Now!

They all dance around the Maypole. At the conclusion of the dance, they break up in couples, and breathless shout,

Good! Good!

Doris. Now a song.

John—Let it be a real rollicking one!

One of the group comes forward and sings an old English song and all join in the refrain.

Applause greets the end of the song.

Doris. Let us dance another.

John. What shall it be?

Doris. O! let me see. *(A slight pause)* I know: "Confess."

John. The very thing. Take your places. I'll call the figures; Fiddler, strike up the tune.

(They dance. Toward the end of the dance two Quakers appear R. and express their horror at such ungodly proceedings. As the dancers are about to separate at the end of the dance, one of the Quakers, followed closely by the other, comes down in their midst. The group parts quickly to right and left in apparent consternation.)

Quaker. Hence, ye godless creatures. Know ye not the law against such worldly actions?

(By this time they have recovered their senses and laugh at him.)

Quaker. Do ye take advantage of the governor's absence to transform the liberty he gives you into such unseemly license? On the morrow——

John. Do you threaten us? Too long have we been repressed in our innocent pleasures by such thees and thous as you. Simple pleasures are as necessary to life as long faces and holy smiles. Come, my neighbors, too long have we been straightened by such as these. Let us drive them back to their kind.

(The crowd gathers around the Quakers and with cries of derision they hustle them off the stage, and the scene ends.)

EPISODE III

CHAIRMAN, MISS MARY CHRIST

THE SCOTCH-IRISH IN PENNSYLVANIA

BY

PROFESSOR JOHN H. FRIZZELL

CHARACTERS

The father, a Scotch-Irishman.....Mr. Frizzell
The mother, an Irish woman.....Miss McIntyre
The son, a youth of twenty.....Mr. Keyser
The daughter, about the same age.....Miss Dewar
Two children, boy and girl eight and eleven, respectively.....
John and Adeline Holmes
Song—"The Little Pigs Had Done It".....Miss Dewar
Trained by Mr. C. C. Robinson

DANCERS

Dublin Jig..Miss Korb, Miss Rich, Miss Starrett, Mr. Foultz,
Mr. Wilde, Mr. Barnhart.

The scene, a level spot at the edge of a wood, the night camp of a Scotch-Irish family in the Cumberland valley. At the left is a Conestoga wagon, in the center a campfire at which the Mother is busy preparing supper. At the right, a large log, on the ground in front of which is a blanket on which two children, a boy and a girl, are at play, building a house of sticks. A daughter assists the mother, bringing plates and a blanket for a table from the wagon. As the curtain rises, an older son enters from the rear with a pail of water. As he sets it down, the Mother speaks.

Mother. Saw ye no yer fayther, laddie?

Son. Nay, Mither, but I had thought he would be back e'er now.

Mother. He was to fetch me a bundle of sticks for me fire, but no doot he has forgot us entirely and is awa' in search of a good place for the new home we are to mak' here i' th' wilderness.

(Meanwhile the daughter has gone off to the left and stands listening intently. She speaks now.)

Daughter. Hark! I hear him. Is not that his whistle?

All listen intently. The strains of "Kathleen Mavourneen" are heard, at first faintly, and gradually coming nearer.

Mother. Ay, lass, 'tis the fayther. 'Twas ever his favorite tune that.

As she finishes speaking, the father enters carrying a bundle of sticks and an axe, which he lays down and speaks.

Father. Weel, Mither, A've found the spot. Here in this noble valley we'll mak' oor bit home, and it's glad ye'll be afther all these weary miles, A'm theenkin'.

Mother. Thru for ye Fayther. 'Tis a long way we've come.

As mother and daughter turn to the fire, the father goes to the log and sits. To him the son speaks.

Son. Father, why have we come all this way? Ye have told me how we love the home-land, why then come so far away from it?

Father. That, laddie, I canna rightly say. Yer Scotch-Irishman is an odd mixture of restless imagination, of day-dreaming, of visioning, and of shrewd canny practicality. He is ne'er content wi' things as they are, and least of all wi' himsel' as he is. And yet, lad, I would not have ye lose the characteristics of the race, but rather be ever proud of them.

Son. Then tell me, what are these characteristics?

Father. Ye must know first, then, that we Scotch-Irish, fear God and respect the law. Two things we hold in absolute reverence—releegion and eddeecation. These with an unquenchable love of leeberty, ceevil and releegious, inhere in the race.

Son: But what will such traits as these do for us, father, in this wild new land?

Father. Here, lad, as they did at home, they will teach us watchfulness, self-control, thrift, caution in word and deed, and a habit of seeking and knowing the why of things. No race in the world is so determined to *know*. We have sma' respect for a belief or a faith that hasna a reason or a prenciple back of it. 'Tis bred in the bone, ma lad.

Son. But doesna this breed argument?

Father. Argement? Why, lad, to argue is our sublimest joy, nex' to going to law, as we say, and a joy shared a like by ploughman and preacher, for't is our instinct that all must know.

Son. Ay, father, but how are we going to learn?

(During the progress of this dialogue, the children, tiring of their play, have run to the fire to see what has been occupying their mother and sister. Presently, getting in the way of the two women, they are bundled off and run and hide in the shadows near the wagon.)

Father. Away back in the sixteenth century, John Knox devised a system that in every parish there must be a school, and every boy in the school. That system is as much a part of the race as the love of argement. It will lead us, here, to build our schools alongside oor meetin'-houses, and in time, mayhap, to build colleges. Edeecation means the ladder to success, ma lad, and no sacrifice is too great to get it.

Son. Aye, father, it is splendid, all this, but do we have these traits, shall we do these things?

Father. Ay, lad, and more, and we'll put them to use for the welfare of oor own kind and the upbuilding of this new land. We have ever led in the cause of leeberty and independence, and have stood

ever for the right and for equal rights to all men. We must never fail oor new country, lad, be it in peace or in war.

As the father ceases, a whip-poor-will call is heard. All start and listen. Again it is heard, and the children, frightened, run in to the mother, crying out:

Children. Mother, mother, what is it?

Mother (*gathering the children in her arms*). Be not afeared, ma wee dearies, 'tis but Padraic the Piper piping for the gentle folk to come and dance.

Children. But, mother, is Padraic over here in this new land, too?

Mother. Ay, Padraic is everywhere the Irish heart goes, and always he pipes for the gentle people.

Children. Oh, mother, do tell us about him again.

Mother. Come, then, here where the fayther sits, and hearken. (*Seats herself beside the father, the children at her knees looking intently up into her face. Again the whip-poor-will calls, twice.*) Once upon a time everybody in Ireland was hungry, for there was neither stir-about for the childther, nor praties for the elders, nor meal in the bin. No one knew what to do, and so finally Padraic the Piper made up his mind to play for the gentle people to dance, and to ask the granting of a wish as his pay. So he took his pipe—

Children. But you didn't tell us where he got his pipe, mother.

Mother. Och! I forgot that did I no? Well, he cut a reed, not a common reed, ye mind, but one that grew in the loch, by the side of a gentle hill, where the wind o' the moorland could toss it by day, and the feet o' the gentle people brush it o' nights, and where the throstle sang its sweetest. An' he cut it wi' clean hands and happy thoughts, while the dew still clung to it, and hung it to dthry where it could catch the laughter o' little children. And then—

Children. And then he played on it for the fairies, didn't he, mother?

Mother. Ay, afther it was dthry, though. Then he made it into a pipe and wan night he went out and piped for the gentle people, and when they came he told his wish—stir-about a-plenty for the childther, and potatoes and meal in the bin, and then he wint away an' piped for them.

Children. And didn't he ever come back, mother?

Mother. Nay, for always the fairy folk kept him as their own, and when at night ye hear him piping, ye may know that he is about his work of love and sacrifice.

In the momentary silence that follows, the call is heard again.

Father (*to the son*). An' there, ma lad, ye have th' ither side of it—the pathos, th' sentiment o' the race.

Son. Ay, father, I was wondthering about that. I was wondthering if the solemn things ye've been telling me were all,—if there were no fun, no music, no poetry, no sentiment.

Father. Much, lad, in this world is too deep for words, and we do not always wear oor hearts on oor sleeves. But nowhere will ye find warmer hearts, or truer friends or deeper lovers. Ay, lad, the sentiment, tho' seldom on the lips, is always there, deep down, ready at the right touch to show itself forth in blood or life as freely as ever life or blood were offered.

Daughter. But did ye never dance, father?

Father. D'ye hear the lass, mither? Did we never dance? Ay, that we did an' often. Can ye no a'most hear the fiddle, mither? Hark! D'ye no hear it? And look—yonder there, can ye no see the lads an' lassies as they danced upon the green?

*As he speaks, first the fiddle sounds, and then the dancers enter from behind the wagon, and dance before the fire.....
.....As the dance ends and the dancers go out, the family gaze intently after them a moment, then all rub their eyes, and look at one another in amazement.*

Father. Did ye see them, mither, or was I dreaming?

Mother (*rising with practical housewifely manner and tone*). Och, 'twas dhreamin' ye were, sure....but....I thought I saw them mesilf.... Ochone! But come now, all of ye, for the supper is near cold, and the wee dears are near noodin'.

As all go toward the blanket where supper is laid, the father halting as if still in a dream, the curtain falls.

EPISODE IV

CHAIRMAN, MRS. WILDE

PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS

BY

PROFESSOR WILLIAM S. DYE, JR.

CHARACTERS

Oswald Mr. Bartges
Gretchen Miss Thoman
Jacob, the hired man..... Mr. White
Heinrich Mr. Yetter
Hans Mr. Skweir
Mina' Miss Tennant
Hilda Miss Greene
Two Songs—Die Lorelei, Trene Liebe..... German Chorus
Trained by Harry T. Collings

The scene represents the outside of a Pennsylvania German home in Lancaster or Berks or any other Pennsylvania German community. In the center of the stage is a large cauldron with a fire burning under it and a stirring apparatus fixed on the top. Several buckets are on the stage and a pile of large bowls for paring apples are stacked in a corner. In another corner are several baskets full of apples. At the opening of the scene the old farmer enters from the right and at his call his wife enters from the left.

Oswald. Gretchen! Gretchen! Wife! Wife! I say, wife!

Gretchen. (*Enters L.*) Coming, coming.

Oswald. Good wife, is all prepared? The neighbors will be here shortly. I hope that our merry-making will indeed be joyous.

Gretchen. All is ready: the cider boiled all of yesterday; the apples have been stacked over there; and here are the spices and the sugar.

Oswald. (*Calls off R.*) Jacob! Hurry, hurry, some wood for the fire, quick. If we don't the cider will be getting cold already. It must be boiling fast when the people come.

(As the hired men come in with wood and put it on the fire under the pot in the center, a German folk song is heard in the distance. At first the words are not audible, only the murmur of the song. Gradually it comes nearer, so that the end of the first stanza can be heard as a whisper. The second stanza becomes louder, and at the middle of the third stanza the group enters. In the meantime, the man and his wife and the hired man are bustling around getting things ready. At the first sound of the music the man says):

Oswald. Hurry, hurry; they are coming. Have you knives and bowls? Is the stirrer ready? Keep the pot boiling.

(At the conclusion of the song, after the entrance of the guests, there is a general welcoming on the part of the host and hostess and the hired man.)

Oswald. Come boys, come girls! Let us get to work. And mind not too much time is to be wasted on the sparking.

(By this time they have arranged themselves in groups around the stage and are busy paring apples.)

Heinrich *(on the R.)* *(to a girl who sits near him)*. Farmer Oswald does bustle around as though his presence were needed everywhere.

Mina. I'm sure that his bark is much worse than his bite.

Heinrich. Let us call him over?

Mina. Goodman Oswald, come here and show us one of the old games you used to play when you sparked your frau at Schnitzen Bees.

Oswald. No! No! I must keep the rest of you busy. After while I'll show you some tricks.

Hans *(on the L.)* Come, Goodman *(to the host)*. Come and decide who is Hilda's love.

Oswald comes over to the center and Hilda is brought out to the front.

Hans. Now to find her true love. Have you the apple pared?

Hilda. Yes! see, here it is.

Hans. Now, it is around your head three times and over your left shoulder, and the letter that the paring makes is your love's initial. Now, once, twice, three times and away it goes.

(Hilda has twirled the paring around her head three times and throws it over her shoulder. All crowd around when the host bustles up.)

Oswald. Out of the way, out of the way till I decide.

(They separate right and left and he stoops over the paring and after scratching his head for awhile, he says):

Oswald. It's an A.

Girls and men. Adolph! Adolph!

(The men get hold of one of their number and hustle him forward, slapping him on the back, while Hilda runs back among the girls and hides her face.)

Oswald *(interposing)*. Come, now, neighbors, enough, enough. It is time now to put the schnits in the pot.

(Two men go among the group that has again seated itself, and, with buckets, gather up the sliced apples and drop them in the kettle which one of the men has been stirring constantly during the whole scene.)

Oswald *(after the apples have been put in the kettle)*. Now, folks, the good wife has a real spread for you. Let us go in and eat.

Heinrich. Let us have a song first.

Oswald. Good! A song, a song.

(They gather around the center and sing another German folk song, and go out singing it. The stage is darkened and the scene ends.)

EPISODE V

CHAIRMAN, MR. BLACKMAN

THE SLAVS IN PENNSYLVANIA

BY

PROFESSOR WILLIAM S. DYE, JR.

CHARACTERS

ManMr. Stick
Woman.....Miss Genevieve
ChildDorothy Johnson
EmployerJay Gould

Dancers..Mr. Sligh, Mr. Wilde, Miss Foss, Miss Himes

The Polish episode is to be produced in silhouette pantomime. It is to represent (1) The pitiful condition of these later sons of Pennsylvania, before they came to this fair commonwealth; (2) their coming to America; (3) their work, and (4) their aspirations.

This episode is to be preceded by a Polish dance indicative of the situation of the Pole before the three nations who stole his inheritance had completely trampled him under foot.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE LAST EPISODE

BY

PROFESSOR WM. DAY CROCKETT

Columbia, the Spirit of Pennsylvania.....Mrs. Gardiner

THE SPIRIT OF PENNSYLVANIA

Here stood the forest primeval. O'er well-wooded hills and thro'
valleys,

Mountain-sides covered with pines, and vales half-hidden in shadows,
From the swish of the stream on the east, to the west where the River
Allegheny mingles its waters with those of another

Stream—of a name not befitting the needs of hexameter measures—
And together they form the Ohio—once roamed the Red-Man.

Under the sheltering boughs of the chestnut, built he his wigwam.
Skillful, and swift as the roe-buck when startled, he hunted the red-deer.
And at night, when the chase of the day was all ended, in silence
Sat he by the light of his camp-fire. Brooding, he sat;

Or may be, flushed with joy of the killing, he told of his powers
In the hunt, and in accents proud, of the feats of his fathers.
Simple the life that he lived with his squaw. And his little papooses
Grew into sturdy and boisterous boyhood. Often they feasted
On the flesh of the quail, and the maize that was grown by the women;
And they drank, these sons of the forest, the waters that bubbled
From beneath the rocks—gracious gift of God, the All-Father.

But gone is the forest primeval. Gone, too, are the sons of the forest!
Into the past they have melted! Room have they made for the Pale
Face!

Felled are the pines and the chestnuts! And lo! from under the furrows
Plowed by the hands of the sons of the White-Man, ever spring the
bounteous

Harvest now needed to nourish and strengthen the bone and the sinew
Of a race that's yet in the making. Here, here in the Western
World—by the banks of the Susquehanna, where flows the Delaware,
On the side of the Alleghenies, amid the smoke of the cities—
There is being welded together, together is welded a people,
Who, with others of sister Commonwealth, may be destined
Thro' their love and devotion to freedom, to further the causes—
Causes, which, in their solving, will further the Cause of Man-kind!

“Hearken!” I said to my peoples—
To the sturdy son of the Quaker,
To the blue-eyed son of the Swede;
To the canny chiel of the Scotsman,
And the rollicking son of Erin,
To the Mennonite and the Dunkard,
To my Pennsylvania Dutchman,
To the Pole who burrows my mountains,
To the son who builds my railways,
Latest comer from the Old World—

“Hearken!” spoke I to my peoples,
“Let us build us a mighty College
Wherein shall be taught to our children
All the arts and all the learning—
From the reading Greek and Latin,
From the testing drugs and metals,
From the making plans for bridges,
From the digging mines for copper,
From the tilling of the free-soil,
And the feeding of the chickens,
To the beating-up of egg-nog
And the millin’ry of the Co-Ed!

A melting-pot let us make us
Wherein shall be blended our children—
Child of Quaker, Dutchman, Scotsman,
Irish, Welshman, Pole and Swede!
And for four years shall they study,
All the arts and all the learning,
From the reading French and German,
From the forming plans for railways,
From the mining of the silver,
From the planting of the orchard,
And the milking of the moolies,
To the dancing on the green-sward,
And the swapping hearts for keeps!

So we built us here a College,
Old Penn State! dear Old Penn State!
Home of learning, home of Knowledge,
Home to be—for all that’s great!
And we built us here a College
For the furtherance of knowledge,
For the lasting cultivation
In the State and in the Nation
Of the truth—that alone is great!

EPISODE VI

CHAIRMAN, MRS. DAVIS

PENN STATE TODAY

BY

PROFESSOR WILLIAM S. DYE, JR.

CHARACTERS

Yank Mr. Hill
Quaker Mr. Cannon
Swede Mr. Swanson
The Guinea Mr. Neal
Irish Mr. O'Toole
Dutch Mr. Skweir
Six maidens.. Miss Munyon, Miss Shell, Miss Muir, Miss Taylor, Miss
Thompson, Miss Magee.
Columbia Mrs. Frank Gardner

The scene is the front campus after the conclusion of the class day exercises of the class of 19—. The characters wear white trousers and shirts, and are without coats. The six girls who enter later are attired in fluffy summer dresses. A song is heard without, "Here's to good old State, drink her down, etc.," and the six men come running on.

Dutch. Well, boys, thank goodness, I'm educated.

Irish. Sure, Dutch, I suppose you do have about as much as a Sous Beslehem Dutchman will hold. Now, as for me, I expect to study all the rest of my life. *(They laugh at him; he continues in an oratorical manner.)* I expect to study sewers and railroads while there's one spot on the face of the earth untouched by the inherent genius of me race, or, *(a pause)* while there is one Dutchman left to bluff.

Swede. There you hit, Irish, old boy. Bluffing is the long suit of your race.

Irish. Let me at him. Let me at him. *(They restrain him, all laughing.)*

Swede. Now, if you want to know what course you ought to have studied in order to get the most out of life, it's agriculture.

The Guinea. Pigs and cows! Fertilizers and foolishness!

Swede. Now see here, you know as well as I do that for the scientific agriculturists—

Guinea. Rats, rats, cut the farmers' instruction train stuff and go bag your head. When it comes to the real practical and worth while course in this college, you have to give it to the me that it is min-
ing. Just look what we have done—

Irish. Of, go on wi ye, ye guinea. What have you done? Driven a blind mule under the ground and picked some slate above ground, and made the Dean and the rest of them think that you know hard coal from soft. What are all the miners but a bunch of uncultivated, wild, heathen foreigners?

Quaker. And what are the rest of you, I'd like to know? There's Dutch, with the smell of German beer still sticking to him; and the Big Swede with his yellow hair and blue eyes, and clumsy ways; the guinea who looks as if he just landed, and yourself with a brogue as thick as sour cream. Every last one of you won't have to strain your eyes to look back and see the first settler of your family.

Dutch (*who is getting angry*). And how about yourself when it comes to that?

(They all pat the Dutchman on the back, and yell, "Fine. Nobly spoken, old man.")

Yank (*who talks with broad a's and soft r's*). Now if your fathers had come over in the Mayflower, and landed on Plymouth Rock—

Irish. Plymouth Rock? What is it, a chicken or a piece of Squash Pie? Gwan wid ye. Sure, ye confounded Yanks think it's a mortgage ye have on the land, because a bunch crazy English came over in an old scow with pigs quartered on the deck and an armchair on every mast, and an old grandfather's clock for a compass. Why didn't ye go to one of your down East colleges? Hey, answer me that?

Dutch. Well, you see he knew that when it comes to a place where you get the real thing in education, Penn State cannot be beat.

Yank. Now, boys, you know—

Guinea. Oh, ring off. New England does not give the people what they want. They give them what in their high and mighty judgment, is thought to be best.

Swede. Here we have an institution that has grown from the wants of the people, and from their needs. I remember the tales my grand-dad told me of how his old grand-dad came here when this whole place was only a forest, and the Indian roamed the valley. They used mighty primitive ploughs then and sowed and reaped with one hand constantly on their firelocks. My people wanted agriculture and this institution gives it to us.

Quaker. I, too, have come straight from those old farmers who to avoid persecution, planned and built the city of Philadelphia.

Yank. Yes, and said thee and thou, and wore—

Quaker. Hold on there Yank. They loved peace, too, but since then, we've learned to use our fists—(*threatens him.*)

(*The others step in to prevent the fight, calling, "Don't hurt the poor boy!"*)

Irish. Sure, don't stop it. It's meself that's longing to see a real Donneybrook Fair, the same as me Grandsire has told me of.

Swede. No, no, it is peace we're after. Let him alone, Bill; Pilgrims and the like are nothing compared with our own people.

Guinea. Right, such high flown ideas as Yank has sit strangely on me. My own poor father and mother never had the chance to go to college as did his. They came here, and father worked in the mines, while mother took care of us kids. Both wore their knuckles to the bone and bent their backs almost double because they wanted me to go to college. I can see them now. They did not have the money even to come here to this celebration, nor would they come, because they feel that they do not know enough. I have seen them suffer and hundreds of others, and that is why I studied mining, hoping that some day I could help make the way of those who toil under the ground better.

Swede. Each of our people, old man, had some special reason for coming to this land, and it is strange how each of us has followed the bent of his race: Irish came to learn the way to open up new roads; Dutch to learn chemistry, so that he might brew better beer, I suppose; Bill, to improve himself in liberal arts; the Guinea to learn the art of mines, and I to learn that of agriculture. All of us, however, have learned much more, for we have come to appreciate what true liberty means.

Irish. It was liberty our fathers sought: the liberty to work and the liberty to fight. Sure we all have it now and whatever views of tolerance and broadmindedness we have came from this college of the State of Pennsylvania.

Dutch. Boys, the girls will be waiting for us. But before we part, let us sing a couple of songs of old State.

(*They sing two songs, "Where, oh where are the measley Freshmen?" etc., and "Where the crest of Old Mt. Nittany?" etc. At the end of the second of these, six girls, in fluffy dresses of the time, enter.*)

1. Girl. Here they are, girls.
2. Girl. (*Goes up to Dutch*) See here, Dutch, did you think we came up here just to listen to you fellows try to sing?
3. Girl. (*To the Swede*) I think it's a mean shame, so I do.
1. Girl. (*To Irish*) I've been just passing away for a dance.

Irish. Sure, then, darlint, it's meself that would be doing an injustice to me race if I refused to shake a foot when a lady offered to let me hold her hand. Come on, boys.

Dutch. Take your partners.

(They take partners and dance a Virginia Reel.)

At the last figure of the reel, the couples separate R. and L. A pause for a few seconds ensues, and then Freedom appears at the back of the stage and starts forward. Immediately the sounds of "America," sung by voices on all sides, is heard. When she reaches the center of the stage, from the five entrances the various groups that have taken part in the earlier episodes enter until the whole stage is filled up, all singing "America."

THE END.

Come You Back To Old Penn State

(Tune: "On the Road to Mandalay.")

WORDS BY WILLIAM D. CROCKETT

I

Near the foot of old Mount Nitt'ny, nestled fair among the hills,
Stands our Alma Mater dearest—and my heart with rapture thrills,
For from out the College steeple this the note the old bell trills,
"Come you back, you College student; come you back to Old Penn State!

 Come you back to Old Penn State,
 And its mem'ries hoar and great!
Can't you *see* the boys a-marching up the road to Old Penn State?
 Oh! the road to Old Penn State,
 Where we early toiled and late!
And the boys they come a-marching up the road to Old Penn State!

II.

Her Campus it is green once more, and the birds they blithely sing;
And memories of other days open with abandon fling
My heart of hearts, for College dear and Campus fair the summons ring,
"Come you back, you care-worn graduate, come you back to Old Penn State!

 Come you back to Old Penn State,
 And its mem'ries hoar and great!
Can't you *hear* the boys a-marching up the road to Old Penn State?
 Oh! the road to Old Penn State,
 Where we early toiled and late!
And the boys they come a-marching up the road to Old Penn State!"

III.

"Come you back from North- and South-Land, come you from the East
 and West!
Come you from the marts of business, and the homes of well earned rest,
To of Campuses the *fairest* and of Colleges the BEST!
Come you back, you bearded 'lumnus; come you back to Old Penn State!

 Come you back to Old Penn State,
 And its mem'ries hoar and great!
Can't you *see* the boys a-marching up the road to Old Penn State?
 Come you back to Old Penn State,
 Where we early toiled and late!
And rally round your Mother dear, the College fair of Old Penn State!"

COMMITTEES

Chairman of the Pageant.....PRESIDENT EDWIN ERLE SPARKS
Master of the Pageant.....MARY WOOD HINMAN
Chairman of the Program.....WILLIAM S. DYE, JR.
Secretary of the Pageant.....SAMUEL KENTON HOSTETTER
Treasurer of the Pageant.....DAVID KNOX PEET
Business Manager.....EDWIN RAYMOND SMITH

Posters designed by MR. HARRY W. JACOBS.

Color scheme suggested by RICHARD ERNESTI.

Costumes designed and executed under the direction of MISS BIGELOW and MISS GIESECKE and MISS KEMMERER.

Lighting, Makeup and Coaching by MR. ARTHUR DEERING, assisted by MISS RICH.

Mistress of the Robes, MISS CHARLOTTE FOSS, assisted by MISS ALEXANDER.

Publicity Man, THOMAS S. SLIGH.

Property Men, MR. FOULTZ and MR. GRESS.

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